

## I've Got You by 14winters

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**Summary:**

A collection of standalone ficlets, meta, and headcanons on Jancy, initially posted to tumblr.

## 1. Chapter 1

Nancy knows Jonathan isn't comfortable with PDA, so she only holds hands with him at school. She wants to kiss him *all the time*, and she'll whisper suggestive things in his ear whenever she feels like it mostly because she loves to see him blush, also because he told her he doesn't mind *that*, he's just uncomfortable with kissing in public. So they just hold hands when others are around. But you can bet whenever they get the dark room to themselves there are make out sessions. Jonathan made the first move the first time they went to the dark room together (post-season 2), and Nancy was so pleasantly surprised.

Photography sessions. Nancy brings it up first. She holds no grudges about the pictures he took of her in the fall of '83. She admires his photography (Joyce showed her his work long before Jonathan ever did) and wants to see him work. At first she just observes whenever he has his camera in his hand—at his home, when they walk around together, in the woods or in town, and when he develops his photos at school. So when she first suggests he take pictures of her, she knows it's something he wants but has been too nervous to bring up yet. He's taken pictures of her with Joyce and Will, when they're all spending time together at home. But never just her.

So she asks him. And he's speechless for a few seconds, so she steps closer to him and puts her arms around his neck and looks straight into his eyes and runs her fingers through his hair. "I want you to take pictures of me, Jonathan." She says it solemnly so he can be sure she's serious, that she trusts him. She knows it's difficult for him to take the first step in most things. That's why she's so thrilled whenever he kisses her first.

Nancy loves being at the Byers' more than her own home. The first time she's allowed to spend the night, she gets up before Jonathan and kisses him awake. She insists on making them all breakfast, something she assures him she's very much able to do because Karen made sure she knew how. Joyce has to leave early for work, but Jonathan catches her looking at Nancy with the same soft smile she has whenever she's truly relaxed, and it makes him feel light as air,

to see his mom so happy with his girlfriend.

Nancy knows how to make everyone's eggs exactly to order. Her favorite breakfast to make is pancakes with chocolate chips. Jonathan's favorite is waffles with strawberries and whipped cream on top. When Nancy learns they don't have a waffle iron, she and Mike conspire to get one as a birthday present for Joyce and make it from Karen so she won't try to refuse it. Then Nancy gets to make Jonathan's favorite whenever she wants.

Jonathan loves when Nancy wears dresses the most. Of course he doesn't tell her this outright. But Nancy notices when he's developing photos in the dark room one day and there are a lot of her in a certain dress she wore recently. Coaxing him with kisses and all but lifting his sweater half way off, she gets a confession from him. He wants to do a photoshoot of her wearing a certain dress. It takes a lot more teasing to get him to admit which dress, and where he wants to take pictures of her wearing it.

(I like writing about firsts a lot.) The first time Nancy wakes up from a nightmare with Jonathan around, she's fallen asleep during a movie in the Byers' living room, and Jonathan has stayed awake. Her head is in his lap, and it strikes Jonathan he's never seen her in a deep sleep before. But then she starts muttering in her sleep, and it doesn't take long for him to realize she's dreaming of the Upside Down.

Jonathan's had to coax Will out of nightmares plenty of times. For weeks after Will came back from that place, he'd come into Jonathan's room in the middle of the night, or sometimes even fall asleep in Jonathan's bed before Jonathan even got there.

So when it's obvious Nancy is in the throes of a nightmare, Jonathan tries to wake her, firmly shaking her shoulder. That's not enough, so he says her name. Her demeanor immediately changes. She cries out his name and thrashes against him, before finally opening her eyes. Choking down a sob, she just hugs him tight for a long time. He doesn't ask her about the nightmare, and she doesn't tell him what it was specifically about until days later. They're sitting in his car in the school parking lot, and she's going through a few mixtapes, picks one, and then just brings it up out of the blue. It's her favorite mix tape of his playing, the one with the most Pat Benatar songs.

She often dreams of being in the Upside Down, trying to find Barb. Sometimes she finds Barb dead, sometimes she can never find her, but hears Barb calling her name. That night with him was the first time she'd heard his voice in her nightmare, and she'd never felt so relieved to hear a voice.

## 2. Mistletoe

The Byers have never hung mistletoe. Jonathan only learned about it because of other kids talking about it in school, and a couple holiday movies having cheesy romantic scenes with mistletoe involved.

So when he walks into the Wheelers' on December 23, 1984, to pick up Will from another campaign, he doesn't suspect a thing, and Nancy is counting on that.

She makes sure to be the one to answer the door, so she can catch him before he makes his way to the basement stairs. She'd never get away with this if they had Will as an audience. She answers the door to him, and his eyes light up at seeing her in that way she's still not used to. His mouth barely moves to smile, but he smiles more with his eyes.

"Hi, Jonathan," she says, practically beaming at him, totally oblivious to the cold air against her bare legs. Her heart is beating far too hard. "Come on in."

There are snowflakes in his hair and on his shoulders. Her first impulse is to brush them off, push his bangs off his forehead as she's so fond of doing. But instead she turns to lead him through the kitchen. Her mother is upstairs, getting Holly ready for bed, and Ted is asleep in his La-Z-Boy and can't even see them from where she hung the mistletoe.

But Jonathan stops her with the barest of touches on her upper arm. "Um, Nance?"

She stops, turns around, looking up at him, her mouth slightly parted. Had he seen—?

But he was looking vaguely over her shoulder, his expression nervous. "Your dress, it isn't, um, zipped all the way," he says.

She closes her mouth, her eyes widening. "Oh," she whispers. She'd been in such a hurry to answer the door, she hadn't even thought of it.

He dips his head slightly. “Can I...?”

“Oh, yeah, of course!” she says, looking off to the side, smiling away her nerves and turning her back to him.

A second after his fingers brush her skin, she realizes she hasn’t moved her hair for him. She doesn’t even know if it’s in the way.

But then he is moving her hair off her neck as he finishes zipping up the dress, and her eyes close involuntarily, a shock of chills moving through her. She’s not used to this.

His fingertips linger on her neck, under the pretense of holding her hair out of the way. His skin is cold, but she is the farthest thing from minding a little cold. She bites her lower lip, knowing he’s about to back away. Then she looks up.

Her sudden turn to face him makes him step back in surprise. She’s beaming at him again, and he’s obviously confused.

“Mistletoe,” she says, pointing up.

He glances up, and his confusion dissipates. She can see his chest expand as he takes a deep breath, his eyes going quickly from her eyes to her mouth and back.

She stares raptly at him, looking for hesitation, for any signs of retreat. There are none. They reach for each other at the same time.

Her fingers are immediately running through his hair, where she can feel the dampness of the melting snow. He’s still cold from the outside, smells of snow and tastes like frost and familiar warmth at once.

His hand travels down her back, pulling her closer. Her other hand is gripping blindly at his coat, and she’s mindlessly frustrated with the barrier it creates. All she wants is to feel the heat of him, closer to her. She deepens the kiss, and even as they break away to catch their breath, she holds him tight against her.

His shoulders shake slightly under her hand as he holds in laughter, and she opens her eyes, grinning back at him. He’s really smiling

now.

“You planned that, didn’t you?” he says, and the fondness in his expression makes her want to demand he unzip her dress right there in the doorway to her family’s kitchen.

“Only half of it,” she answers, then glances down at the front of his coat. Begins pulling the zipper down. “Take off your coat. Stay a while.”

She has the zipper halfway down before both his hands are at her waist, and he’s pulling her closer to cover her impish smile with another kiss.

### 3. Chapter 3

January 1986

Nancy knocked on the Byers' door, adjusting the backpack over her shoulder, biting her lip, looking off to the side.

Joyce answered, and they exchanged wide smiles.

"Hi Ms. Byers," Nancy said, stepping inside, shaking the snow out of her hair. Joyce didn't even close the door first before pulling her in a tight hug. Nancy hugged her back, her smile growing.

"Hey sweetie. You didn't have to do this," Joyce said, before letting her go, and shutting the front door.

Nancy made an incredulous sound. "I wanted to. How is he doing?"

Joyce was leading her into the kitchen, and Nancy spotted the remnants of lunch scattered across the counter. Peanut butter and a jar of jelly, a half-gone loaf of bread, still open. She set the backpack down in one of the kitchen chairs and hung her coat over the chair's back.

"He just had some chicken noodle soup," Joyce said distractedly, wringing her hands once before resuming cleaning up. Nancy came forward to help, grabbing up the jelly and putting it back in the fridge, getting a Pepsi for herself as she did so. "Want anything?" Nancy asked, turning to Joyce with the fridge still open. Joyce shook her head.

"I'm glad you came though, I have to go to the store and get more medicine. How's Will doing?" Joyce asked, her eyes almost brimming over with anxiety.

"He's fine! He and Mike have been in the basement all morning," Nancy said, smiling back reassuringly. Will had been staying at the Wheeler's for nearly a week now, since Jonathan had gotten sick. It had been Nancy's idea, but Joyce didn't know that. Karen had brought it up to Joyce, and she had only relented when Jonathan



agreed it was better Will not get exposed to the flu. Joyce shouldn't have to worry about both of her sons when she needed to work extra shifts to try covering the days Jonathan couldn't work. Karen didn't exactly mention that—because Nancy had told her not to, when she'd suggested the whole idea in the first place.

Joyce was restlessly wiping the counters while Nancy took out the food she'd brought from home. Oreos, cheese and crackers, and Jonathan's favorite candy, Twizzlers. Something occurred to Nancy.

"Jonathan told me you had to work tonight," Nancy said, glancing at the clock on the wall. "Isn't that in another hour?"

Joyce nodded, still wiping the counters.

Nancy's brows drew together. "Why don't you let me get the medicine, Ms. Byers? So you don't have to make an extra trip?"

"Oh, sweetie, would you?" Joyce turned to her, and Nancy noticed the shadows under her eyes.

"Of course!" Nancy took the dishtowel from Joyce's hand, setting it on the edge of the sink. "Go relax a bit before you have to go to work. I got this."

Joyce swept her up in another hug, and Nancy felt that pang in her chest again. She wasn't used to hugs, but she loved every single one Joyce gave her. Because they were genuine, always.

Joyce patted her cheek as she leaned away. "Thank you. I'll just check on Jonathan before I start getting ready."

Joyce disappeared down the hall before Nancy could say anything. She had to bite back the words, *You're supposed to relax!* But how did you convince a mother like Joyce to relax?

Nancy sighed to herself and finished cleaning up the kitchen. While she was drying dishes and putting them away, Joyce peeked her head around the corner.

"I told him not to get out of bed, but he's anxious to see you," Joyce said, her nose crinkling with the teasing smile she gave Nancy.

As Joyce went back to her bedroom, Nancy took up her backpack and made her way to Jonathan's room.

The door was partially open, but still Nancy gave a soft knock as she opened it wider.

She was greeted by hoarse coughing and Jonathan's sorry attempt at a smile.

"Nance," he said, sitting up further on his bed, running his hand through his hair to get his bangs out of his eyes. He still had bedhead and he was far too pale.

"Hey," Nancy said, smiling back and sitting on the bed, dropping the backpack on the floor in front of her. She reached out and took Jonathan's hand, rubbing her thumb over his knuckles.

"I told you, you didn't have to come," he said, leaning back against the five or six pillows behind him, his face resigned. His chest rose with a deep breath, and he let out a long sigh. Nancy did not like how he sounded. She squeezed his hand in sympathy.

"Yeah, but I've already been sick, and your mom won't give herself even a *little* break unless I'm here," Nancy said, her smile growing as she felt Jonathan squeeze her hand in silent thanks.

They looked at each other for a moment, Nancy noting the gauntness of his face now that he'd lost nearly three days of proper sleep. According to Joyce, his coughing kept him up till he dropped from exhaustion.

Nancy knew she had already apologized too much, in Jonathan's view. Even though she knew it was she who had got him sick.

"I'm glad you came, Nance," Jonathan said, and she tried to believe some of the tenseness had eased from his shoulders since she'd entered the room.

But he stiffened again as another coughing fit hit him. She let go of his hand to rub his back, scooting closer to him, moving the tissue box on his nightstand closer.

She handed him a tissue, then after his coughing stopped, she asked, “Do you guys have any VaporRub?”

“We do, but we’re almost out,” Jonathan said, his words barely audible.

Even though it was under several layers of blankets, Nancy found his knee and rubbed it soothingly. “I’ll pick up some more. What’s your favorite ice cream flavor?”

Jonathan gave her a sharp look. It was less intense than he would like, she knew, because he was so tired, his nose was red and raw looking, and he was surrounded by several soft duvets and had half of the house’s pillows piled behind him. “You don’t have to get me ice cream.”

“No, I don’t. What’s your favorite flavor?” Nancy asked again, her eyes steady on his face.

He sighed, holding back his smile. “Anything with cookie dough in it,” he said, his voice quiet, like he was ashamed of liking something so indulgent.

“You got it.” And she took up his hand and kissed the top of it, just so she could catch the blush on his face. Then she turned and reached for her backpack, lifting it into her lap and unzipping it.

“I brought you three choices for entertainment,” she said, pulling out the three VHS tapes. “*Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Blade Runner*, and *Sixteen Candles*.”

“In a romantic mood, aren’t you?” Jonathan said, and she looked over to see him really holding back laughter now. It reminded her of the first time she’d really seen him smile—when they’d just bought that bear trap and he’d asked her what was weirder. That look still made her want to take his face in her hands and kiss him soundly.

“Well yeah. I’m with you,” she said, smiling. Jonathan’s blush got darker. So she really had no choice but to pull him in for a kiss.

All she did was grasp the back of his neck, lean in, and kiss him briefly on the lips, dry and chapped. He smelled of clean laundry and

the patchouli incense he liked to burn so much. For the cigarette smell. But when she ended the kiss, he looked almost disapproving.

“You don’t know that it was you who gave me this flu. What if you catch it?” he said, frowning with real concern.

“Then you can bring me all the horror movies you want for us to watch when I’m bedridden,” Nancy said cheerfully, and held the movies up for him. “Which one?”

## 4. Chapter 4

Nancy noticed Jonathan always wore long sleeves outside the house. The first time they kissed, it was too dark in Murray's basement room to see, but later she noticed what he didn't want others to see. They'd been just casually making out in her bedroom, while her parents were gone, Mike at Dustin's with the party, and Holly at a playdate. She went to take off his jacket and he broke away from her. Confused, she asked what was wrong, if he wanted to stop. He said no, and very uncomfortable he mumbled out that he didn't want her to make a big deal of it. "Of what?" she asked. So he took off his jacket and showed her his arms.

They were full of scars from cigarette burns. Nancy could tell Jonathan didn't want to talk about it, and he didn't want her to get emotional about it either. So she calmly kissed each arm full of scars, and kissed his lips, and got him completely naked and just kissed him all over until she could tell he couldn't think about anything but her lips on his skin. And then she goes down on him for the first time (for them) and hearing him scream her name is probably the most beautiful thing she's ever heard, his fingers clenching and pulling her hair the best sort of pain. And not giving him even a small break after that, she keeps kissing him, from his thighs to his cock to his hips to his stomach and up and up until he's gripping her arms hard and his kisses get rougher against her mouth and she tells him to fuck her and he does, hard and unrelenting, until she's moaning his name, tears stinging the back of her eyes. He left bruises on her thighs and hips and for a moment he was afraid she was crying from pain but she shook her head immediately and said "You're beautiful" and pulled him down for a kiss.

As apology for her bruises (which she tells him she doesn't mind - she's a bit of masochist and she knows it) he gives her back massage then a foot massage. They nap for a while, then when they get up and eat a snack in the kitchen, Jonathan wearing just his boxers, Nancy his t-shirt, she asks if he'd like her to give him a bath. He's surprised but readily says yes. So she has him recline in the huge bathtub in her parents' master bathroom while she kneels naked next to the tub and washes him, head to toe, giving teasing kisses all the while. She

resists getting into the tub with him for as long as she can, making him beg for her to join him before she does.